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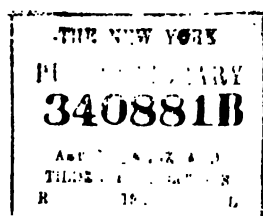
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Law,

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PROLOGUE



P R O L O G U E.

Supposed to be spoke by a Waiter at
 WHITE'S.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

AN Affair having happened to me, with which I think it my Duty to acquaint your Lordships, I entreat your Indulgence a Moment. A shabby Sort of a Person came to me yesterday, and put a Paper of Verses into my Hands, desiring I would get them by heart, and speak them when there was a full House, if so be my Memory would serve me, and I thought I could do it handsomely. As to that I told him, I had as good a Memory, and could repeat a Thing as well as my Neighbours, but that I durst not presume to do any such Thing, for that it was as much as my Place was worth ; but the Gentleman continuing to press me, and I having, Thanks to a sober Education, a tolerable Share of Compassion in my Composition, I complied with his Request so
 far

PROLOGUE. 7

far as the getting the Lines by heart, but must submit it to your Lordships, whether you will be pleased to give what I have to say a Hearing or not?

Company. Hear him—hear him—

WAITER.

*Such the vast Heap of Follies, which we find,
By various Authors, charged upon Mankind,
No Way seemed open still to play the Fool;
No new Materials left for Ridicule;
But Folly's blest with such Fertility,
Nature herself shall sooner fail than she.
Who will believe that Man could e'er exist,
Who spent near half an Age in studying Whist?
Grew gray with Calculation—Labour hard!
As if Life's Business center'd in a Card?*

*That such there is, let me to those appeal,
Who with such liberal Hands reward his Zeal.
Lo! Whist he makes a Science, and our Peers
Deign to turn School Boys in their riper Years;
Kings too and Vice-roys, proud to play the Game,
Devour his learned Page in Quest of Fame,
While lordly Sharpers dupe away at White's,
And scarce leave one poor Cull for common Bites,
With such as these, the comick Scene we fill;
For such the Muse employs her keenest Skill,
If any Mirth, if any Wit from hence,
Or any Good—she has her Recompence.*

THE

The D R A M A.

M E N.

Lord ~~Stakeland~~.
 Lord ~~Rail~~.
 Sir John ~~Medium~~.

Sir Calculation Puzzle, } *passionate Admirer of*
White, who imagines
himself a good Player,
yet always loses.

Lord ~~Bubbleboy~~, } *Sharppers of Fashion.*
 Capt. Rookwood,

Lurchum, } *Common Sharppers under the Ap-*
 Shuffle, } *pearance of Gentlemen.*

Lord ~~Slim~~, } *Pupils to the Profeffor.*
 Young ~~Jobber~~,

Young ~~Stakeland~~, } *Son to Lord Stakeland, obliged*
to leave his Country through
Gaming.

Alderman ~~Jobber~~.
 Profeffor ~~Whifton~~.
 Cacao, *after of the Chocolate-House.*
 Author, Bookfeller.
 Several Lords, Gentlemen, and Servants.

W O M E N.

Lady ~~Stakeland~~.
 Lady ~~Deuce~~.
 Arabella, } *Sister to Sir Calculation, and Pupil to*
the Profeffor.

S C E N E, L O N D O N.



THE
H U M O U R S
O F
W H I S T.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Lurchum, followed by Shuffle.

S H U F F L E.



OLD, *Lurchum*—I have followed thee a good while, and if one may guess at thy Thoughts by the convulsive Emotions of thy Head and Shoulders, thou should'st be disturbed at something.

Lurch. Thou art a keen Discerner, *Shuffle*, to read a Man behind. I am thoughtful.

B

Shuf.

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Sbuf. What thoughtful, and so fine a Morning! For shame, for shame!—Look up—look—round, look every where, and own it a Sin both against the Sun, and those brighter Luminaries of the Mall to be thoughtful.

Lurch. Let me ask thee—Will Beauty, or a serene Sky, dispel the gloomy Prospect of Contempt and Beggary?

Sbuf. Ha, ha, ha! Commend me to the Man that won his Thousand last Night, yet talks of Starving.

Lurch. Which in all Appearance will be the last I ever shall win; and I'm of that Author's Opinion, who says, that the greatest Curse of Misfortune is the Remembrance of former good Fortune.

Sbuf. Rank Spleen, by *Mercury*!

Lurch. Faith! all Things considered, I think you have as much Reason to be so as myself.

Sbuf. Prithce explain,—What does all this tend to?

Lurch. Thou knowest we have the Honour to be admitted into the best Company, which neither our Birth or Fortunes entitle us to, merely for our Reputation as good *Whist*-Players.—

Sbuf. Very well!

Lurch. But if this damn'd Book of the Professor's answers, as he pretends, to put Players more upon a Par, what will avail our superior Skill in the Game? We are undone to all Intents and Purposes—The *Spanish* War is not more neglected than we shall be—We must bid adieu to *White's*, *George's*, *Brown's*, and all the polite Assemblies about Town, and that's enough to make a Man mad instead of thoughtful.

Sbuf.

The HUMOURS of WHIST. 11

Sbuf. Damn him, I say,— Could he find no other Employment for forty Years together, than to study how to circumvent younger Brothers, and such as us, who live by our Wits? A Man that discovers the Secrets of any Profession deserves to be sacrificed, and I would be the first, *Lurchum*, to cut the Professor's Throat for what he has done, but that I think I have pretty well defeated the malevolent Effect of his fine-spun Calculations.

Lurch. As how, dear *Sbuffle*? Thou revivest me.

Sbuf. I must confess the Publication of his Treatise gave me at first some slight Alarm; but I did not, like thee, *Lurchum*, indulge in melancholy desponding Thoughts: On the contrary, I called up my Indignation to my Assistance, and have ever since been working upon a private Treatise on *Signs at Whist*, by way of counter Treatise to his, and which, if I mistake not, totally overthrows his System.

Lurch. Entirely!—Thou hast a lucky Invention.

Sbuf. Here—take it; and give it a Look over. We shall have Occasion for all the Aids of Art to-day at *White's*—Deep Matches are talked of—Some Fortunes will squeak for it—I warrant.—Hah! yonder goes young *Stakeland* with his Executioner, *Sir John Tricklad*.

Sbuf. And here comes that egregious Coxcomb, *Sir Calculation Puzzle*, who with scarce one tolerable Idea of the Game, fancies he plays it well; and the best on't is, let him lose ever so much, while you charge it to his bad Luck, and not to his bad Play, he's the most reconciled

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Creature to his Losses imaginable.—Hah!—yonder's his Grace too, and Lord *Tallman*; let's after them.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir John Medium, and Sir Calculation.

Sir John. I'm surprized, *Sir Calculation*, that your repeated ill Success at Play should not give you an utter Dis taste, and make you forswear ever touching a Card more.

Sir Cal. I have lost some Thousands in my Life, that's certain—but who can help ill Luck, *Sir John*?—I'm allowed to play the Game for all that.

Sir John. By those you lose your Money with, I suppose, who behind your Back only make a Jest of you for't.—I should hate, methinks, to pay for being laugh'd at.

Sir Cal. Laugh'd at! ha, ha, ha! All Imagination, my Dear; by whom?—by whom?

Sir John. Why, there's Lord *Bubbleboy*, and Capt. *Rookwood*.

Sir Cal. Oh, they! ay, they indeed might very well laugh; I was a mere Novice at the Game when I lost with them.

Sir John. Do you think too, your losing a Thousand to that infamous Sharper, *Gorgeit*, afforded no Raillery in Town?

Sir Cal. Phoo, Pox! Let us distinguish a little—That was from the Oddity of the Circumstance, and not from the Badness of my Play—That certainly was the most out-of-the-way Bite ever was heard of.—Upon the Pinch of the Game, when he must infallibly have lost it, the Dog eat the

the losing Card, by which means we dealt again, and faith he won the Game.

Sir *John*. 'Twas by some such laudable Practices, I suppose, that you suffered in your last Affair with *Lurchum*.

Sir *Cal*. O Gad, No, Sir *John*—Never any thing was fairer, nor was ever any thing so critical.—We were nine all. The adverse Party had 3, and we 4 Tricks. All the Trumps were out. I had Queen and two small Clubs, with the Lead. Let me see—It was about 222 and 3 Halves to—'gad, I forgot how many—that my Partner had the Ace and King—let me recollect—ay—that he had one only was about 31 to 26.—That he had not both of them 17 to 2,—and that he had not one, or both, or neither, some 25 to 32.—So I, according to the Judgment of the Game, led a Club, my Partner takes it with the King. Then it was exactly 481 for us to 222 against them. He returns the same Suit; I win it with my Queen, and return it again; but the Devil take that *Lurchum*, by passing his Ace twice, he took the Trick, and having 2 more Clubs and a 13th Card, I-gad, all was over.—But they both allow'd I play'd admirably well for all that.

Sir *John*. So it may be said of young *Stakeland*, possibly, who is in a fair way nevertheless of losing all in his Power to lose.

Sir *Cal*. As to young *Stakeland*, we all know he is very far from understanding the Game, I've often told him so, and advis'd him to leave off while he was well. But he will play and lose because he sees his Grace, and other People do so.

Sir

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Sir *John*. He's not the last I dare say that will suffer, because 'tis the Fashion. And here comes one that will make my Words good, or I mistake.—My Lord *Slim* your most obedient.

Enter Lord Slim.

Ld. *Slim*. Sir *John* Medium,—Sir *Calculation*—Wish me Joy, my dear Friends,—I'm * enter'd i' faith—Not one black Ball, by *Jupiter*.

Sir *John*. I share in any thing gives your Lordship Pleasure.

Sir *Cal*. And I heartily.—I rejoice to see your Lordship a Member of a Club, which, without Exception, is the most elegant one in *Europe*—I must add too, I think no one has a more just Pretension ;—The Progress your Lordship has made for the time you have study'd under the Professor is wonderful.—Pray, has your Lordship seen the dear Man to day ?

Ld. *Slim*. O yes.—His Grace sat him down at

* In the Club at *White's*, being a select Company above Stairs, where no Person, of what Rank soever, is admitted, without being first proposed by one of the Club a Week before. It consists of upwards of a hundred Noblemen and Gentlemen, and when any Person is proposed as a Member, there must be at least twelve of the Club. The Method of Admission is by Ballot. The Week's Time being expired after the Nomination of the Person, the Company present proceed to the Ballot in the following Manner: A proper Number of black and white Balls being prepared, and one of each given to every Member then present, they put a black or white one into a Bag, according as he approves or disapproves the Candidate. In case of Approbation, the Balls are all found to be white; but if there is one black, the Person is not admitted, and no farther Question is asked, or any Reason assigned.

at my House, and I have just lent him my Chariot into the City.—How do you like the last Edition of his Treatise with the Appendix, *Sir Calculation*? I mean that sign'd with his Name.

Sir Cal. O Gad, my Lord, there never was so excellent a Book printed.—I'm quite in Raptures with it.—I will eat with it—sleep with it—go to Court with it—go to Parliament with it—go to Church with it.—I pronounce it the Gospel of Whist-Players; and the Laws of the Game ought to be wrote in golden Letters, and hung up in Coffee-houses, as much as the Ten Commandments in Parish Churches.

Sir John. Ha! ha! ha! You speak of the Book with the Zeal of a primitive Father.

Sir Cal. Not half enough, *Sir John*—the Calculations are so exact!

Sir John. As exact, perhaps, as our Warriors at *Cartagena*, who computed Twenty Thousand when One did the Business.

Sir Cal. O pox, No—the Professor is no such Blunderer—his Observations are quite masterly! his Rules so comprehensive! his Cautions so judicious! There are such Variety of Cases in his Treatise, and the Principles are so new, I want Words to express the Author, and can look on him in no other Light than as a second *Newton*.

Sir John. Who, possibly, may stand in as much need of being explained.

Lord Slim. I find you han't read it, *Sir John*?

Sir John. Nor do I intend to do it, my Lord.

Ld. Slim. What not such a Master-piece of Science! How I pity thee!

Sir

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Sir *Cal.* Ay, dear Lord *Slim*, let us roast him a little.

Ld. *Slim.* A Book so universally admir'd!

Sir *Cal.* And that ought to be taught in all Schools, especially of the Mathematics.

Ld. *Slim.* Positive. I have join'd twelve Companies in the *Mall*, and eleven of them were talking of it.—It's the Subject of all Conversations, and has had the Honour to be introduc'd into the Cabinet. Why, thou'lt be laugh'd at intolerably unless you can tell how many Hundred and odd it is for, or against One, that your Partner has, or has not such a Card, or such a Card.

Sir *Cal.* Right, my Lord; a Man wou'd now make as odd a Figure without understanding *Whist*, as he wou'd in not knowing how to make a Bow.

Sir *John.* That may be.

Ld. *Slim.* Where lies your Objection, Sir *John*? The Book is absolutely useful, and purely calculated for preventing the less knowing in the Game, from being impos'd upon by those of superior Skill.

Sir *John.* I rather think it will make the Generality of them worse Players. It may confirm the Adept, but will only confound the Unskilful. And with respect to its Utility, where one will use it to prevent his being impos'd upon himself, I dare say a Hundred will study it in order to impose upon others. I must therefore abide by my Opinion, that I can see no Good this Treatise can be productive of, any other, than that as some People will only die by the Rules of Art, so our fine Gentlemen and Ladies have an Opportunity given

given them of ruining one another by the Rules of *Whist*.

Sir *Cal*. Prithee don't grow grave. Upon my Soul, my Sister will never like thee, if thou talk'st at this Rate. She's a great Proficient herself, and studies under the Professor. Capt. *Rookwood* will certainly rival thee, if thou dost not take care. I tell thee this as a Friend. Come, away with this unfashionable Aversion to all Play.

Sir *John*. You mistake me, Sir *Calculation*. I like Play, but am an Enemy to Gaming. I make it my Diversion, as a Relaxation, but not as a Trade to impose upon, or create a general Spirit of Avarice in Mankind. Consider'd as an Amusement, it is innocent and agreeable; but when it becomes a Science, it sinks into the worst and most scandalous of Professions, and puts the Man of Quality upon a Level with common Gamblers. The Spirit of Gaming, like that of Drinking, is growing into an Excess, that I wish may not one Day prove of very dangerous Consequence to this Nation. I have made it an Observation, that in those Countries where the Spirit of Gaming prevails most, there is the least of public Liberty; and the Reason is obvious: They are indulg'd the greater Latitude in the former, as a sort of Equivalent for the Loss of the latter.

Sir *Cal*. Egad, you remind me, Sir *John*, of an Observation I have made too, which is, that as long as *Quadrille* and *Ombre* were the Games in Vogue; we certainly were under *French* Influence. Whereas now *Whist* is come in Fashion,

C

you

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you see our Politics are improv'd upon us. We have thrown off all mean Dependence; and positive, I think the Spirit of the new Ministry may be fairly ascribed to this turn of Taste in Favour of *Whist*.

Sir John. Ha! ha! ha! a very nouvelle Discovery!

Ld. Slim. But, *Sir Calculation*, we forget ourselves. Is *Sir John* for *White's*?

Sir Cal. No. I suppose he'll join my Sister yonder —

Ld. Slim. Allons! *Sir John* your's.

[Exit with *Sir Cal*.

Sir John. Your Lordship's most obedient —
Ay—here's *Arabella* with *Lady Deuce*. *Capt. Rookwood* with them too! Damn that Fellow. Let not join them. [Exit.

Enter *Lady Deuce*, *Arabella*, and *Captain Rookwood*.

Capt. Rook. I'm mistaken if you are not mine to-night, *Mrs. Arabella*. And 'twill be a Master-stroke to make an old Mistress subservient in getting a new one. [Aside.] Dear *Lady Deuce*, prevail on *Arabella* to give us her Company to-night. — A fine Opportunity for your Ladyship to repair the ill Run of last Night. [Aside to *Lady Deuce*.]

Lady Deuce. *Arabella*, you shall go.

Ara. Dear Creature, don't tempt me. I've been so unlucky of late, that, as much as I admire play, I'm half determin'd never to touch a Card again.

Lady

Lady Deuce. Ridiculous! han't you seen that I have been broke twenty times, and retrieved all again by one good Hand or two. Come, come, you must go. I have promised *Lady Tenace* to bring you. There will be a deal of charming Company.

Ara. Her Ladyship has certainly the politest Assembly in Town, and I never saw any thing that might call a Woman's Conduct in question to be Witness of; yet I can tell you every Body does not judge so favourably.

Lady Deuce. What, *Sir John Medium*, I suppose?

Capt. Rook. He, I dare say, my Lady.

Lady Deuce. Well, *Arabella*, I'll say nothing; but if ever you marry that Man, you'll be miserable.

Ara. Your Reason? Not that I intend any such thing, but shou'd like to know what Objections you have to him.

Lady Deuce. Nay, he's a very pretty Fellow, and has a good Estate; but he has the Gravity of 50 at 25, and you may judge what he'll be when he comes to be 50—indeed. In short, he thinks too much; and a Man who prescribes Rules to himself, will certainly lay his Wife under the same. I hate dull Moderation.

Capt. Rook. Very true; what is any Pleasure when one is under certain Restrictions not to exceed such or such Bounds in it! But this is nothing to the Assembly, my Lady.

Lady Deuce. I protest, *Arabella*, if you don't go, I'll tell all the World you stay away to oblige *Sir John*.

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Ara. You are resolved to take no Denial,
I find.

Lady Deuce. You'll be there, then?

Ara. Since you'll have it so. Are you for
the other Turn?

Lady Deuce. With all my Heart, my
Dear.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE



SCENE *changes to Alderman
Jobber's House.*

Enter Alderman.

Ald. Since this new Treatise on *Whist* has been made public, there's no Business follow'd with half so much Application. It is become the Oracle of our Coffee-houses, and is taught or study'd in all our Families. But I'll break the Neck on't in mine, I'm resolv'd. Here — Who's there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir.

Ald. Whenever that Professor, as they call him, comes here again, let me know.

Serv. He's here now, please your Worship.

Ald. Is he so? then I'll tell him a piece of my Mind.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE

SCENE *changes to another*
Room.

Enter Professor and Young Jobber.

Y. Job. Dear, Mr. Professor, I can never re-
 pay you.—You have given me such an insight
 by this Visit, I am quite another Thing—I
 find I knew nothing of the Game before, tho'
 I can assure you, I have been reckoned a First-
 rate Player in the City a good while—nay, for
 that Matter, I make no bad Figure at the
Crown—and don't despair, by your Assistance,
 but to make one at *White's* soon.

Prof. You may depend upon all in my
 Power, Sir.

Y. Job. Yes—I must own I am vastly am-
 bitious of making one at *White's*. Do you
 think I ever shall, Mr. Professor?

Prof. I pronounce you already sufficient, Sir.

Y. Job. How you transport me!

Prof. Of all my Pupils, I don't know any
 more promising than yourself and Lord *Slim*.

Y. Job. Lord *Slim*? Does his Lordship take
 a Lesson?

Prof. O yes, Sir,—And Lord *Tallman* too.

Y. Job. Lord *Tallman* too?

Prof.

Prof. Yes — for tho' he does not play the Game well enough to lose, he is not Master of playing it well enough to win — Every one, you know, Sir, likes to win. —

T. Job. Very true, Sir.

Prof. Whereas his Grace —

T. Job. His Grace? ha, ha, ha! Is his Grace one of us too?

Prof. Yes, Sir — He does me the Honour to receive my Instructions, but from a different Principle again — He has been bubbled out of large Sums by playing the Game ill, and is now in Hopes to win them back by playing it better — and I don't doubt very soon of being able to gratify his Grace's Ambition to vie with some of our First-rate Players, and by that means put his Grace in a Condition to lick himself whole again.

T. Job. What a public-spirited Man you are! the Nation has Reason to bless you — you'll be the saving and getting of many a fair Fortune — Pox — here's my Father now to interrupt us — I'm terrified to Death — he'll certainly say some shocking Thing or other — 'Tis a strange Thing a young Fellow can't have a polite Taste, but these old Fathers will take an ill-natur'd Pleasure in thwarting it.

Enter Alderman.

Ald. I have heard, Sir, of the Pains you have been taking to instruct my Son in the noble Mystery of Gaming; but as it is a Science not quite so reputable for a Citizen, being destructive to the meanest, and may be so to the greatest,

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greatest, I must beg you to desist your Visits for the future.

Prof. O Sir—there was no Necessity for this Abruptness—I shall certainly obey you—I don't want half a Word—For know, Sir, it is a Favour that I attend your Son.

Y. Job. O yes, Sir, ——— a prodigious Favour.

Ald. Favour, Blockhead !

Prof. Yes, Sir, a Favour ——— for at this Instant a Dozen Dukes, and as many Earls, Lords and Ladies, are waiting for me———Nay, Sir, between you and me, they are all under Tutillage at St. James's.

Ald. Do you look upon that to be a good or a bad Omen, Sir ?

Prof. People calculate differently, Sir : Some one Way, some another. I shall be able to give you my Solution to-morrow : In the mean time, let me undeceive you, Sir. Indeed you are under very wrong Notions concerning *Whist*. It is one of the noblest and most useful Games in the Universe, Sir : All good Citizens ought to study it. Partnership in *Whist* is an Emblem of Partnership in Trade : It shews how much depends upon good Partnership, and I will venture to say, that a good *Whist* Player will make both a good Partner and a good Merchant. In short, Sir, I hope to see the Time when *Whist* shall become our most darling Pursuit, and have the Pleasure to see the Nation playing one universal Game, *Sundays* not excepted.

Ald. Your talking after this Manner, Sir, does not give me the better Idea of the Game ; and,
for

The HUMOURS of WHIST. 25

For ought I know, this Treatise of your's may be a Plot against our Liberties, Sir.

Prof. Ha, ha, ha! a Plot against our Liberties!

Ald. Yes, Sir,—Every Thing that tends to the weakening our Morals, is a Weakener of Liberty, and so far may be said to be a Plot against it. Thus, by your inculcating the Doctrine of *Whist* in a Scientifical Manner, it will become constitutional in our Youth, and by becoming constitutional, eradicate usefuller Studies; and by eradicating usefuller Studies, vitiate our Morals; and by vitiating our Morals, open a Door to the Destruction of our Liberties, as I said before: And therefore, Sir, as you have manag'd it, I look upon *Whist* as a very vile Game.

Prof. Vile Game, Sir?

Ald. Yes, Sir, Vile Game.

Prof. Pray, Sir, what is all the World but a Game if you go to that? Religion, Government, Law, Physic, are all a Sort of Games, and the principal End, like Commerce, is to get Money. They have all their Chances too, like the Game of War; and like Commerce again, they have all their several Tricks too.—Ha, ha, ha!

Ald. How, Sir! Do you abuse Trade to my Face? I desire you, Sir, to be gone while you are well.

T. Feb. Pray don't mind the old Gentleman, Mr. *Professor*; he's *non compos*. Please to accept of these five Pieces. My Compli-

D

ments

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ments to the Gentlemen, at *Whist's*. I'll be with them by and by.

[*Aside to Professor.*

Prof. Your most obedient, Sir.

Ald. Come, Sir, get you into the Compting House ; it shall not be said that any of my Family encourages his pernicious Book.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE

The HUMOURS of WHIST. 27.



SCENE *changes to White's
Chocolate-House.*

*Discovers Lord Rally, Capt. Rookwood,
and Others.*

Ld. *Ral.* A whimsical Advertisement here,
Captain *Rookwood*.

Capt. *Rook.* What is it, Lord *Rally*?

Ld. *Ral.* I'll read it you.

Capt. *Rook.* Your Lordship does me Ho-
nour.

Ld. *Ral.* (reads.) *I Jean Sabbot, Marmotte-
Catcher to his Sardinian Majesty, having at a
great Expence and Labour, composed a most cu-
rious Raree-shew, called, The Raree-shew of
England, consisting of entire new Scenes, never
before exhibited by any of my Country-men, re-
presenting among others, the Genius of England
dressed like the Knave of Diamonds, playing at
Cards with several noble and common Sharpers,
discovering a Spaniard at his Elbow laughing
at them—The King and Vice-Roy of Sicily
taking a Lesson at Whist, with the Knightbood
of the Professor, and a great Lord with the
Gout in his Hands, swathed in Flannel, giving
Directions to another, who holds the Cards for
him, with several Spectators in different Atti-
tudes.*

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tudes. This is to acquaint the Curious, that I intend to exhibit the same to View in a few Days, and humbly hope for the Encouragement of the Public as usual.

God save the King.

Capt. Rook. Ha, ha, ha! I fancy your Lordship had a Hand in drawing up this.

Ld. Ral. No,—on my Honour.

1st. Gent. I wonder if his Grace has seen it.

2d. Gent. His Grace should see it by all means. Let's shew it him. He's at play within."

[*Exeunt two Gentlemen.*

Enter Lord Bubble-boy.

Capt. Rook. My Lord *Bubbleboy*, your most obedient.

Ld. *Bubble*. Dear Captain, yours; we meet most opportunely. Are you in a Humour to put some Thousands in your Pocket to day? Young *Jobber* is to be here. The Bank's upon him. The Professor has just given us the Hint.

Capt. Rook. I'm obliged to him; but faith I grow sick of the Lay. I am engrossed by more agreeable Pursuits at present.

Ld. *Bubble*. That is, you are grown as keen after a fair young *Whist*-Player, as you us'd to be after a young Heir, or as I may continue to be after a raw Booby in the Game.

Capt.

The HUMOURS of WHIST. 29

Capt. Rook. Even so, my Lord. There's nothing like playing, when a fine Woman's at Stake. To see the green Purse exhausted, and the glittering Ornamentals all gone, or mortgag'd; to see her Palpitations, the Perplexities, and little Distresses she is under, gives infinite Satisfaction; but to lend her a Sum, and then win it back again; lend her again, and win it again; and afterwards forgive her the whole, on certain good-natur'd grateful Condescensions, is Rapture inexpressible. And so, my Lord, you must excuse me, if I fly to my Engagement at Lady Tenace's.

Ld. Bubble. With *Arabella*, I guess.—Success attend you.

[*Goes in.*]

Capt. Rook. I need not wish it your Lordship.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Professor.

Gent. Mr. Professor, your Servant. I have been just perusing your admirable Treatise on *Whist*, and pronounce it the best wrote Thing extant.

Ld. Ral. Beyond all Comparifon. It is quite a Science as you have handled it, Mr. Professor. You must have spent many Years doubtless in compiling fo elaborate a Work.

Prof. Some 40 Years of close Observation, my Lord, has made it what it is. And tho' little, I will venture to say, it contains more mathematical Learning than larger Volumes.

Ld.

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Ld. *Ral.* Egregious Vanity! I'll mortify him a little. [*Aside.*] Mathematical Learning, say you, *Professor*?

Prof. Yes, my Lord: Calculation is all in all in the Game at *Whist*; and without it, a Man will eternally be a Novice.

Ld. *Ral.* Then I'm afraid I shall be of that Number, *Professor*; for, to deal frankly, I verily believe I shou'd be as long in making myself Master of the Calculations and all the Rules in your Book, as you were in compiling it. And the Question is, whether it would be worth a Man's while to waste half his Life in the Attempt?

Prof. Your Lordship is pleas'd to be facetious, as if I was an utter Stranger to your Lordship's bright Capacity.

Ld. *Ral.* Well, but pray where's the mathematical Learning of trumping out to make your Partner last Player? This may be Demonstration at *Whist*, but is a palpable Blunder in common Experience. And I fancy too with Ace, King, and four Trumps, I should be able to fetch the Trumps out, tho' you asserted ever so roundly the contrary.

Prof. Your Lordship has laid your Finger on the only *Errata* in my Book. Both Errors of the Press I do assure your Lordship, which I will take care to see corrected in the next Edition. As to the rest, I think there is no Proposition in *Euclid* so self-evident as this, That He who is a good *Whist-Player* would equally make a good *Politician*.

Ld.

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Ld. Rat. Ha! What ha! I take it for granted then, our great Men at the Helm are all Players of the First Rate?

Prof. That's an ensnaring Question, my Lord, which I must beg to excuse answering; but so much I will venture to say, that the late Minister has calculated very well for himself, and the new Ones very finely for the Nation. And further, without Reflection on any body, I think you may justly rank your First Rate Players with First Ministers of State, Secretaries, Generals, and Admirals in Chief. Your Second Rate Players would shine at an Admiralty-Board. Your Third Rate Players might very well preside o'er the Customs and Excise. All beyond would make very good Bishops and great Officers of the Crown.

Ld. Rat. Ha! ha! ha! Pray oblige us, *Professor*, with your Remarks on other Games, since you make such shrewd ones on this.

Prof. Your Lordship may command me— In the first Place, *Chefs*, it must be own'd, is a very wise Game, but like Wisdom at the Bottom of a Well, as suppos'd by some Philosopher, rather too deep for any solid Use: It is well enough adapted to the Patience of the *Chinese*, who can sit you cross-legg'd for Years together. Every Game, my Lord, bears some Analogy to the Genius of the People of the Country where it prevails.

Ld. Rat. I have read so.

Prof.

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Prof. Nothing so plain. There's *Ombre* and *Quadrille*; they are light and superficial, partaking of the Humour of their airy Inventors, the *French*. *Picquet*, indeed, has more of Solidity; and I would recommend it as a perfect Emblem of *French* Faith, which sacrifices every thing to its Interest, by adhering to, or departing from Treaties, as they happen to clash, or coincide with her present Views; and this I think is plainly exemplify'd in keeping in, or discarding, such Cards as suit, or do not suit, with your present Purpose.—As to *English* Games; *All-Fours* is a very sneaking Game, that I could wish were abolish'd. It inculcates a very scandalous Moral, by begging a Favour of one you are often in a Condition to grant it to; than which, nothing is so mean and villanous. *Cribbage* is rather too vulgar to be mention'd; though there you have your Sequences, and pretty tolerable Calculations, which are admirably well suited to the lower Class of People, by teaching them to reckon as fast as I have seen them score up at a Fair. *Putt* again is a daring impudent Game, apt to inspire false Bravery, which by no means ought to be encouraged: And *Brag* too is liable to give much the same Turn to the Mind: But this Game, by-the-by, I take to be of *Irish* Manufacture.—Now *Whist*, my Lord, is the only genuine old *English* Game, which shews the Genius of the Nation as to its Understanding as much as *Chevy Chase*, or *Britons strike home* does as to its Music. Our Solidity is shewn in the Gravity observed in playing the Game:
Our

The HUMOURS of WHIST. 33

Our Judgment is shewn in playing it well : And the Choice we make of Partners affords a fine Lesson to our Statesmen, never to go to War without good Allies ; for a King, my Lord, can no more hope to be successful abroad without good Allies, than a Man can hope to win at *Whist*, without a good Partner — *Verbum sat* — ha ! ha ! ha !

Ld. *Ral.* There you have them, indeed, *Professor*, That's a keen Stroke upon Somebody. But, pray, Mr. *Professor*, when do you oblige us with your *Artificial Memory* ? I think your Treatise imperfect without it.

Prof. Doubtless, my Lord.

Ld. *Ral.* And in my Opinion, *Professor*, there is still something wanting to compleat the System of *Whist* ; and that is (if I may recommend a Subject when you have rid your Hands of your Treatise on *Memory*) A Dissertation on the Lucky Chair, [*Company laugh.*]

Prof. Ha ! ha ! ha ! Your Lordship's Hint is excellent — I'm oblig'd to you for it.

Ld. *Ral.* You are very welcome to it. — And really, I think, when you have compassed these grand Points, the least can be done is some public Mark of Honour for your good Services to the Public — Believe me, as Honours go, you will very well deserve a Title.

Prof. I wou'd not be vain, my Lord ; but the Card-makers have already complimented me on the Increase of their Trade, occasion'd by my Book, which of course increases the

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Revenue ;

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Revenue; and, as your Lordship justly observes, several have had Titles conferr'd with less Pretensions.--At least, my Lord, I hope I may be intitled to a Pension.

Ld. Ral. As you say, there's more Solidity in that than an empty Title. You calculate well, *Professor*,

Enter a Beau.

Beau. Ha! ha! ha! I shall dye, Lord Rally.

Ld. Ral. What's the Matter?

Beau. Insolence humbled! Vanity mortify'd to the last Degree.

Ld. Ral. As how?

Beau. Yonder's Lord *Finesse* and Sir *George Tenace*, two First-Rate Players; they have been most lavishly beat by a Couple of 'Prentices. Ha! ha! ha! They came slap Four by Honours upon them almost every Deal.

Ld. Ral. I find, *Professor*, your Book do's not teach how to beat Four by Honours. Ha! ha! ha!

Proj. Curse them! I'd rather have given a Thousand Pounds than this should have happen'd. It strikes at the Reputation of my Treatise. *[Aside.*

Beau. Never were Creatures so gall'd, my Lord.--They frown'd, they fume'd, they stamp, they tore the Cards. They were in such a Fermentation, i-gad, had they seen how they distorted their poor Features, it would make them forswear Cards.

Ld.

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Ld. Ral. Were there any more Parties won and lost, Sir *William*?

Beau. O Gad, yes, my Lord. I have not known a Series of such pleasant Incidents in one Day. His Grace and Lord *Slim*, notwithstanding the Assurance given them by the Professor, that they might boldly play with the ablest, are both stript, faith, by *Lurchum* and *Shuffle*; but, being discover'd making Signs to one another, they were forc'd to refund, and afterwards the Rascals were kick'd out, as they deserv'd, ha! ha! ha! And i-gad, the *Laureat* too, poor Devil! has lost his Butt of Sack with Lord *Tallman*. And Lord *Bubbleboy* has left young *Jobber* blubbering and fobbing as if his Heart would break. Ha! ha! ha! But I must say his Lordship won by dint of good Play. He play'd like an Angel. He has gain'd immortal Honour. 'Twas *Finesse* after *Finesse*, *Tenace* after *Tenace*. I-gad, I would give three Parts in Four of my Estate to be as great a Master of the Game as his Lordship.

Enter Sir John Medium, and Cacao.

Sir John. My Lords, I desire you'll give honest *Cacao* your Attention a Moment, to the most scandalous Affair I ever heard, and greatly unworthy of a Gentleman, who has the Honour to converse with many of your Lordships.

Cacao. I am very sorry, my Lords, to appear in the Light of an Informer before you, against any one that frequents this House; but I

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hope my good Intentions will hold me blameless, and that you will not have the worse Opinion of me for what I do. Certainly it is my Duty, as the Master, to detect any Fraud committed under my Roof—otherwise I should look on myself little better than an Accomplice in it.—Your Lordships need not be told how great a Sufferer young Mr. *Stakeland* has been of late, in his Play with Sir *John Tricklad* and Mr. *Tiercenick*. I had for some time suspected them of foul Practices, and being resolved to be satisfied, I am now ready to make Oath, that old *Sweetner*, Partner to Mr. *Stakeland*, us'd not only to trim the Cards, so as to put it in the Adversary's Power to cut Honours every Deal, but likewise designedly committed the grossest Mistakes himself in the Course of Play.

Company. Shocking!

Cocao. By which Means, my Lord, the poor Gentleman has been bubbled of large Sums, and to compleat his Misfortune, has just lost the Reversion of his paternal Inheritance, made over to them by proper Deeds and Conveyances.

Comp. Abominable!

Cocao. They would have made a Collection for him to console him under his Loss, but he refused it with a noble Spirit of Disdain—and they hurry'd away with a Precipitation that plainly shewed their Guilt.— I humbly entreat your Lordship's Advice how to act on this Occasion.

Sir *John.* Lord Rally, you are a Relation.

Ld.

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Ld. Ral. 'Tis a most infamous Imposition, and cannot be too much exposed.—But I would not have *Cocao* divulge any thing of this to young *Stakeland*, if he has not already.

Cocao. I have not, my Lord.

Ld. Ral. So much the better—I'll take care to inform his Father, that he may take his Measures.—Hush! here he comes.

Enter Sir Calculation, and Young Stakeland.

Sir Cal. Come,—come—never be discouraged, *Stakeland*—you have but shared the Fate of Thousands before you.—Pox! have not I lost my Money as well as you the Reversion of your Estate.

Ld. Ral. The Reversion of your Estate, *Mr. Stakeland*! I do not wonder you are so pensive. It will require all the Philosophy of a Stoick to reconcile yourself to the Loss of Fortune, Parents, Friends, and be insensible to the numberless Insults you must expect to be exposed to from the un pitying World.

Y. Stakeland. Dear Lord *Rally*, leave me to the Stings within my own Breast, and do not overwhelm me with your Lordship's keen, tho' too just Reproaches.

Sir Cal. Nay, hang it, be not too severe, my Lord, I can assure you he has nothing to accuse himself of. Upon my Soul he played admirably well for all that. But what will you have, my Lord, Luck was against us.

Ld. Ral. Was you in the Game, *Sir Calculation*?

Sir

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Sir Cal. Only a Better, my Lord,—an humble Better. Let me see—They were 8 to 9 of the Game.

Ld. Ral. Who, pray?

Sir Cal. Why, Sir John and Tiercenick—The Odds for 8 is about 3 and a half in the Hundred against 9 ; but plague of my treacherous Memory, I not happening to remember whether it was with, or against the Deal, I laid with as many as would take me up, in favour of nine, and i-gad lost my fifteen Hundred. My Lords, your most obedient. Sir John, shall I set you down?

Sir John. With all my Heart.

[Exit with Cal.]

Ld. Ral. Mr. Stakeland, you go with me.

Y. Stakeland. I wait upon your Lordship.

Ld. Ral. Gentlemen, yours.

[Exeunt.]

[Company break up, and Scene closes]



SCENE



SCENE changes to an Anti-chamber in Lady Tenace's House; discovers several Tables of Refreshments, and the Groom of the Chambers at a Table with Cards.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. More Cards—more Cards—quick.

Groom. The Deuce is in them, *Smart*, I think, for tearing the Cards to night. They have destroyed me more than in any Night since my being in Lady *Tenace's* Family.

Serv. What need you repine at that, as it is so much the better for you?

Groom. I know that, but I'll be hang'd if Lady *Deuce* is not on the losing Pin.

Serv. Ay, and *Arabella* too.

Groom. That's somewhat strange, and Capt. *Rookwood* her Partner!

Serv. O Pox!—I can see he loses for the Nonce.—I smoak him.

Groom. Well! what unaccountable Things, *Smart*, are these same Ladies!

Serv. And what a deal do they subscribe to our Opera's! They love Opera's, say they, because they lull the Passions of the Soul, and yet

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yet one Quarter of an Hour afterwards they fall to gaming, and very often pay for unlulling them again.

Groom. As you say, they put themselves into strange Passions at Play.

Serv. One would not believe it, if one had not seen it so often. How they laugh when they win! How angry are they when they lose! How fearful those who have little to lose! and how avaricious those who have a great deal! I wonder they won't do that for the Sake of their Faces, which they cannot be brought to do for the Sake of any thing else.—In short, they impair their Healths, as well as their Fortunes; for, as *Addison* says, Haggard Looks and pale Complexions are the natural Indications of a Female Gamester.—But, come, come—make haste,—the Cards.

Groom. I have but two Packs left—There, take them, till I run and fetch more.

Exeunt severally.

Enter Lady Deuce.

Lady Deuce. Stript, stript—My Money, Necklace, Rings, Watch—all gone—Curse on the Cards—Sure never Woman was so unfortunate! O, for Fifty Pieces now to turn Luck.

Enter Captain Rookwood.

Capt. Rook. Your Ladyship's Pleasure? I thought you gave me a Look as if you wou'd speak with me.

Lady

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Lady Deuce. I did—Dear Captain, you see I am quite broke—for Heav'n's Sake, let me have Fifty Pieces.

Capt. Rook. Fifty Pieces, Madam! Upon my Soul they shou'd have been at your Devotion; but I am quite exhausted myself.

Lady Deuce. Come—Forty, then.

Capt. Rook. I vow, my Lady, it is not in my Power.

Lady Deuce. Well, Twenty, shall do—You can't be without that.

Capt. Rook. Not left me, upon my Honour.

Lady Deuce. Send home then. You won't fure refuse me such a Trifle?

Capt. Rook. Not if I were Master of it—but really I'm as bare as your Ladyship.

Lady Deuce. 'Tis false! false as the Vows you made of everlasting Constancy. Barbarous Man! a Month ago I might have commanded your whole Fortune; and shall I now ask in vain for poor 20 Pieces, which in an Hour, perhaps, I might repay!—Come, you but try my Temper.—You are not that ungenerous Creature you would seem.

Capt. Rook. Look ye, Madam, I really have no Money; but if I had, it would be Madness to lend it where I knew it would be of no Service to the Person I obliged. You know that your Luck is always very bad; besides your Play again.—Believe me, it would be much more prudent to take the Advice of your Friends, and refrain the Game.

Lady Deuce. Perfidious Man! Why did not you always talk thus? Was it not your-

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self who took the Advantage of my Foible? Encourag'd it on every Occasion? Extoll'd me for my Skill in the Game? Frequently broke me, and at last barter'd for my Honour with my own Money? — But I'll never see you more.

[*Exit in a Rage.*]

Capt. Rook. Ha! ha! ha! obliging to the last Degree! How like the Ghost of departed Love is a stale Face, when one is in Pursuit of a new one!

[*Going in, is met by Arabella.*]

Enter Arabella.

Ara. My Chair there.

Capt. Rook. How Madam! Not going, sure?

Ara. Having lost all my Money, Captain, I have no further Business here.

Re-enter Lady Deuce.

Lady Deuce. [*Aside.*] I'll try him once more. — Hah! Arabella — She has lost too. I'll observe.

[*Stands to listen.*]

Capt. Rook. It is true, Madam, — you have not had the luckiest Partner of me. But Fortune, Madam, may smile upon us again. — Never give out for an ill Hand, or two. — 'Tis an Observation with Gamesters, that those who borrow generally win. — I have 500 Pièces at your Service.

Lady

The HUMOURS of WHIST. 43

Lady Deuce. Villain! [*Aside.*]

Ara. I thank you, Captain,—but if I should be an Exception to the Observation you mention, this Sum, with what I have already lost, might lay me under Inconveniencies I would chuse to avoid.

Capt. Rook. Inconveniencies! Not in the least, by Heaven! I should be so far from putting you to the Blush by any Mention of it, that I shall never think on't, and beg you would not yourself, any further than to remind you, that on all Occasions my Fortune is entirely at your Service.

Lady Deuce. The very Words by which I was ensnared!

[*Aside.*]

Ara. You are very polite.—But these are Obligations, Captain, which a Woman of Honour ought not to receive, and therefore—

Capt. Rook. Nay, Madam—I must not be refused—it will be doing the generous Thing to me, in affording me an Opportunity of winning back my own.—Revenge will give a Keenneſs of Play to us both.

Ara. 'Tis certain the Cards can't run for ever againſt us.

Capt. Rook. Impossible!

Ara. Well, I'll e'en try my Fortune once more,

Capt. Rook. Command all mine.

[*Exeunt.*]

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Lady Deuce comes forward.

Lady Deuce. Monster! common Betrayer of our Sex! What scandalous Methods will not Men of Fortune and Family often take, so they afford them but Variety of Victims to their brutal Inclinations! *Arabella*, too—with how much Ease she swallowed the Bait!—But this Discovery was lucky. — Thank Heaven! Revenge, that darling Attribute of Woman, is yet in my Power. I'll to Sir *John Medium* this Instant, and acquaint him with this Conversation—Hah! He saves me the Labour.

Enter Sir John Medium.

Sir John. Is your Ladyship going already?

Lady Deuce. 'Tis Time, *Sir John*,—I've lost all.

Sir John. I'm sorry for it.—Is *Arabella* within?

Lady Deuce. Yes, *Sir John*.—She has lost too.—But there is this Difference between our ill Luck; she has had the good Fortune to have Five Hundred Pieces offer'd her by Captain *Rookwood* to give her another Chance; whereas it was not in my Power to procure even Twenty—You're going in, I suppose?

Sir John. Yes, Madam.—Offer'd her, did your Ladyship say?

Lady Deuce. I mean, lent her.

Sir John. Lent her?

Lady

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Lady Deuce. Yes, I tell you — Your Servant.

[*Exit Lady Deuce.*]

Sir John. What an Inadvertency! I will not, cannot call it by any other Name; but I know not what Time and such repeated Obligations might not convert it to — I must break the Neck of this kind of good Offices — And a Thought comes into my Head, that will at once shew her the Folly of accepting them, be a means perhaps of curing her of Play, and thereby rendering her an Object truly capable of making me happy. — For that Reason I will not join them. Oh, here comes *Sir Calculation.* I may make him subservient to my Design,

Enter Sir Calculation.

Sir Cal. Well, how go Matters here, *Sir John*? *Lady Tenace* sent to me just now in all haste, to know what were the Odds of having one Card out of any three certain Cards, and I can tell her now. I have been emerg'd in Calculation ever since — 'tis exactly — let me see — Pox! 'tis either Two to Five, or Five to Two. Has her Ladyship been asking for me?

Sir John. I can't tell.

Sir Cal. How so?

Sir John. Just as I was opening the Door, I receiv'd a Piece of News that obliges me to go immediately. But, I suppose, I shall see you by-and-by at Lord *Stake-land's*?

Sir

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Sir *Cal.* O Gad, yes.—'Twou'd be cruel else—Poor *Stakeland*! 'tis his last Night—He sets forward early in the Morning to his Banishment Abroad. I pity him; but his Father will have it so.

Sir *John.* Do's *Arabella* go?

Sir *Cal.* Ay, ay—we must all go—I will step in and do what is not my Custom—make them leave off play. Adieu. [*Goes in.*]

Sir *John.* *Jusqu' a tantot.*

[*Exit.*]



SCENE



SCENE *changes to Lord
Stakeland's House.*

Enter Lord Stakeland and Lord Rally:

Ld. *Stake.* I am greatly oblig'd to your Lordship for the Trouble you have given yourself in my Son's Affair.

Ld. *Ral.* I beg you will not mention it, my Lord. Well! what a Meanness there is in Guilt! Sir *John Tricklad* and his Colleague were so Thunder-struck! in such Confusion when I went to them, it made me almost pity them. The Moment I told them your Lordship's Resolution, with silly Looks, fault'ring Voice, and trembling Hands, they resign'd all; and are preparing to go into the Country to avoid Reproaches, and till the Remembrance of so villanous a Transaction is bury'd in Oblivion.

Ld. *Stake.* Time may do much, my Lord. But what Reparation can they ever make me for the Disorder they have caused in my Family? Here, they rob me of a Son I love tenderly, and force me to act a Severity, my Heart is no ways consenting to.

Ld.

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Ld. Ral. The Situation is affecting I grant, my Lord ; but in my Opinion you cannot well act otherwise.

Ld. Stake. I am proud your Lordship approves my Design. Here comes his poor Mother. She has been with him, to let him know my Intentions. I must desire, my Lord, what has pass'd may as yet remain a Secret to her. A Mother's Tendernefs might intirely defeat the Effects of my Scheme.

Enter Lady Stakeland.

Lady Stake. Your Son, my Lord attends you, and is all Obedience to your Will. Now let me conjure you not to deal severely with him. His Load of Grief is already too great to be sustain'd. Do not, then, add to it, by Reproofs which are now, alas, too late.

Ld. Stake. Madam, I have consider'd well—Nor wou'd admit him, if I cou'd not command my Temper.

Lady Stake. He's here—Unhappy Youth !

Enter Young Stakeland.

[Falls at his Father's Feet.]

Y. Stake. Permit me, Sir, to approach you as an Offender ought, who wishes to shew some Compunction for his Offence.

Ld. Stake. Rise Harry——It is some Consolation under my Affliction to hear you are in such good Dispositions.

Y. Stake.

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Y. Stake. I must be a Stock, Sir, if I were insensible what I have brought myself to, by my too great Facility in rushing into the fashionable Follies of the Age—I am an Out-cast—a voluntary Beggar—and have forfeited all Claim to Name, Family, and Fortune.

Ld Stake. No, *Harry*—You have still preserved the noblest and best Part of your Birth-right—your Honour. Had you descended to become Associate with your vile Undoers, and earn an infamous Subsistence by those base Arts, which have undone yourself, you had indeed become an Alien to my Blood and Favour. But, for the Sake of that generous Contempt, with which I hear you treated such mean Offers, I forgive you all; and tho' I am obliged to send you from my Sight, as the only Expedient we could devise in your present Circumstances, be not disconsolate—you shall still find I cannot forget I am a Father.

Y. Stake. Mistake not, Sir, that I repine at your wise Pleasure. I do not wish to stay a Moment longer: But if my Heart is bursting, to see Mother, Sister, Relations, Friends, and all the Family in Tears on my Account, O charge it not, I beseech you, to any Unwillingness to obey you.

Ld. Stake. Keep down Heart. [*Aside.*]

Lady Stake. I can bear no longer—O, my Lord! Is this to be a Father?

[*Weeps.*]

Y. Stake. Dear,—dear Madam—abate those precious Tears, or I shall dissolve away.

[*Weeps.*]

G

Lady

50 *The HUMOURS of WHIST.*

Lady Stake. If your Son, my Lord, must go—must leave this abominable Town, what Necessity is there to send him into Banishment? Why will not some Part of *England* do as well?

Ld. Stake. Do you think, my Dear, that I have it in my Power to give you an Answer now? [*Weeps.*] Come, come, let us suspend our Grievs—I expect some Friends here, and I would not receive them in such Depth of Sorrow.

Enter Sir Calculation, Sir John Medium, and Capt. Rookwood.

Capt. Rook. [*to Sir Cal. aside entering*] You saw they did what they pleased with us, Sir *Calculation*.

Sir Cal. [*aside to the Capt.*] Why they had all the Court-Cards—all the Game in their Hands; they might well do what they pleased with you, tho', methinks, you might have forced them oftner than you did—My Lords,—Madam,—your most obedient.—Dear *Harry*, bear up, Man—We'll all cross the Water and pay thee a Visit—ch, Lord *Rally*, Sir *John*, Captain.

All Three. Ay, ay—we'll make a Party.

Capt Rook. Dear Lord *Stakeland*, I'm sorry to see Things at this Extremity—I just called at Sir *John Tricklad's* as I came along, and he tells me—

Ld. Stake. I desire, Captain, you will not mention his Name—'tis very un-tim'd.

Capt.

The HUMOURS of WHIST. 51

Capt. Rook. Your Lordship's Pardon—Hah! here's *Arabella*.

Enter Arabella.

Hark ye, *Arabella*—how could you mortify me so just now?

Ara. As how, Captain?

Capt. Rook. Why, in returning me the Trifle you had of me at Lady *Tenace's*.

Ara. By whom, for Heav'n's Sake?

Capt. Rook. By whom! why, by Sir *John Medium*, Madam; and by making him your Agent, one would think you suspected me of having some sinister Views.

Ara. How's this! I'm strangely alarm'd!

[*aside.*]

Capt. Rook. What Confusion she is in! I shrewdly suspect we are both imposed upon, and that this is one of Sir *John's* Delicacies. He had certainly heard of the Affair, and so paid me, in her Name, without her Knowledge. I-gad! I have no Business here. I'll sneak off most politely. [*aside.*]

[*Exit Capt.*]

1st, Sift. Dear *Arabella*, 'tis kind to come and see the last of my poor Brother.

Ara. I'm very sorry I have the Occasion, my Dear. We are often as impertinent in our Respect to a Friend, as we shou'd be accounted rude without any.

52 *The HUMOURS of WHIST,*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord—I come——

Ld. Stake. Well,—what's the Matter?

Serv. I come—I must beg your Lordship's Pardon—I feel something rising from my Heart, and I cannot speak till it has had vent at my Eyes.

[after weeping some time.]

Ld. Stake. Well—now—speak your Message.

Serv. *[In a fault'ring Voice,]* The Coach, my Lord,—the Coach—that is to carry—your young Master—is—at—the Door. *[weeps.]*

Lady Stake. O Harry! O Harry! I shall never see you more! *[weeps.]*

Y. Stake. Dear Madam—Sisters—do not rend my Heart!

Serv. And the Baggage——

Ld. Stake. Well——What of the Baggage?

Serv. 'Tis all put up, my Lord; and the Governor is in the Coach waiting.

Ld. Stake. *(After a Pause.)* Well, Harry—Take a manly Leave of your Friends here----

Company. Nay, nay, my Lord, we are resolv'd to see him in the Coach.

Ld. Stake. Well—give me one Embrace, Harry.—Resign yourself, my dear Boy, to that Providence, who by Means inscrutable often sends Relief when least it is expected. —

My

My Blessing and best Wishes attend you —
Farewell — —

Y. Stake. Farewell, Sir.—Grant Heaven,
I may be the last unwary Youth, that thus
brings Sorrow and Confusion on his Fa-
mily.

[*Exeunt all but Lord Stakeland.*]

Ld. Stake. How shocking to Reflection,
when a Man seriously weighs the many Evils
may flow from this reigning Vice of Gam-
ing! It is grown out of all Parallel of for-
mer times, and improv'd into a Monster that
is truly to be fear'd. It has poison'd the
Honour of our Nobility and Gentry; and,
like Liquor, as it stirs up all the Passions,
so it renders them capable of any Mean-
ness, any Fraud, any Villany. Assemblies
and Coffee-houses, that in themselves are
useful and agreeable, are now become the
most dangerous Places a young Person can
frequent.—Yet, what is there, after all, so
bewitching in Play! It is at best but an A-
musement; and how many Thousand more
manly Amusements may not one find! Yet
in this alone we pass whole Days and
Nights neglect our Affairs—our Duties—
endanger our Health, Fortune, Reputation,
and very often Virtue.—Dreadful Infatu-
ation!

Re-enter

54 *The HUMOURS of WHIST.*

Re-enter Lord Rally, Sir John Medium, Sir Calculation, and Arabella.

Sir Cal. Egad, Lord Rally, I have seen enough to-night to make a Man forswear Play as long as he lives.

Ld. Ral. And Woman too, *Sir Calculation!*

Ara. That's at me. [*Aside.*]

Ld. Stake. But what have you done with Lady *Stakeland*, *Arabella?*

Ara. Poor dear Lady! her Agony was so great, she was not able to support herself—she's gone to lye down a Moment.

Ld. Stake. I shall soon be able to give her Consolation.

Ara. Pray, do it this Instant, then.

Ld. Stake. First, let me clear myself to the Company, lest you shou'd think me cruel in what I have done. You must know, Gentlemen, that my Son is safe in his Fortune: The Deeds of Reversion are return'd. But nevertheless I judg'd it necessary to keep him ignorant of it, and make the Impression of his Misfortune sink the deeper; and likewise convenient to send him into a kind of Banishment for some time, the better to wean him of his bad Company, and destructive Haunts. By this Means, I hope he will return truly a Comfort to us; and which, when Lady *Stakeland* is made properly acquainted with, I doubt not but it will have all the Effect we could wish.

Sir

The HUMOURS of WHIST. 55

Sir *Cal.* Your Lordship has calculated to Admiration!

Sir *John.* Acted with consummate Prudence. Happy Escape!

Ara. And I fancy, Sir *John*, you could suggest another.

Sir *John.* I know not what you mean, *Arabella.*

Ara. Yes, you do; but perhaps you may not think it happy.

Sir *John.* Pray, let me understand you. Happy Escape! What? To whom?

Ara. To one not very far from you.

Sir *John.* Mysterious still.

Ara. Come, come, Sir *John*, I find you have too much Delicacy to understand——
But, pray, satisfy me in one thing.

Sir *John.* If I can, Madam.

Ara. I know you can.——How came you to know of my being indebted to Capt. *Rookwood*?

Sir *John.* ~~Lady~~ ~~Dear~~ happen'd to overhear the Offer.

Ara. And my Indiscretion in accepting it too, I suppose——Well——How delicate to pay it him unknown to me! I must ever acknowledge it; nor will I blush before all this Company to own, I now perceive the Precipice I was falling from, and bless my generous Deliverer.——You have paid Five Hundred Pounds, Sir *John*, out of my Fortune, indeed, but I believe you will think it well laid out,——that is, if you continue in the same Dispositions towards me you have long profess'd.

Sir

56 *The HUMOURS of WHIST.*

Sir John. And shall eternally, Madam.

Ara. Then here's my Hand, and with it
a Heart, which from this Night's Adventure
has learn'd to despise that bewitching
Evil — Gaming.

Company. Joy, Joy, *Sir John.*

Sir John. This is an Event, my Lords, deserves the Name of Transport, Rapture!

*Hence taught to shun the Tricklads of the Town,
Let the wise Mean your future Pleasures crown.*



EPILOGUE.



EPILOGUE:

IN

A Dialogue between the *Author*
and *Bookseller*.

Book. **S**IR, your humble Servant. I am recommended to you by Mr. *Pasquin*. My Name is *Folio*, a Bookseller.

Auth. O, Mr. *Folio*—your Servant—pray, sit down.

Book. I have heard a good Character of your *Humours of Whist*, Sir, and shou'd be proud to treat with you about it.

Auth. You cou'd not have mention'd a Name more agreeable to me than my Friend *Pasquin*. On his Account, Sir, you are heartily welcome to the Refusal of the Copy. Please to give it a Look over.

[after examining it.]

Book. The Copy is but small, Sir. 'Twill make but a Shilling Thing.

Auth. The Treatise on *Whist* has abundantly less in it, and is sold for Two Shillings.

H

Book.

Book. That's true, Sir—But, you see, 'tis py-
 rated—Truly, it's a shameful thing those Py-
 rates shou'd be suffer'd in a free Country.
 At this Rate, no Man is safe in his Property—
 It makes very bad, Sir, for both Author and
 Bookseller—There will be no such thing
 as writing or printing by-and-by, if the Go-
 vernment do's not take it into Consideration.

Auth. It is the Interest of the Government
 to do it, or the Duties on Paper, and the
 Stamp-Office will diminish.

Book. Very true—I wonder they don't consider
 that—Pray, what may your Terms be, Sir?

Auth. Look you, Mr. *Folio*, I'm not a
 Lover of many Words—I suppose if I ask
 you the Third Part of what was given for the
Professor's Book, you will not think it unrea-
 sonable?

Book. Alack-a-day, Sir, you are greatly out
 of the way—indeed you are.

Auth. I cannot think so—I must observe to
 you again, Mr. *Folio*, that my Fortune puts
 me above writing with any mercenary View,
 as to my self; but I have a Mind to oblige a
 Friend under some Difficulties, and I would
 not make him a Present of a Trifle, any more
 than I wou'd write for one.

Book. I find then, Sir, that you are for do-
 ing the generous thing to your Friend, but
 wou'd make me the principal Contributor.

Auth. Not at all, Sir, I think the thing is
 very well deserving of what I ask, and cannot
 think of taking any less.

Book.

EPILOGUE. 59

Book. Pray, consider, Sir, the Expence of Paper, Print, Stamps, Advertisements, and Pyrating as I said before ; I shall be a great deal of Money out of Pocket before a Penny comes in. — Besides, the Season, Sir, — we shall have a most miserable empty Town.

Auth. I believe so; but if *Whist-Players* are going out of Town, they will return, and go again, yet still the Satire be read ; for *Whist-Players*, Sir, do not leave Play when they leave *London* : They only change Places, not Diversions.

Book. That may be. But be pleas'd to make an Estimate of the Buyers, Sir. The Admirers of the Treatise are a very numerous Body, and will scarce read the Satire.

Auth. On the contrary—they will read it thro' Curiosity ; and the Enemies to Play of course will do it for its Utility.

Book. Well, Sir, I don't know what to say to't. I think I must consider on it.

Auth. Do so, Mr. *Folio*—your Servant.

[Going.]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A Bookseller, Sir, below, desires to speak with you.

Book. Gad so ! A Bookseller ! I'll e'en close with him. [*aside.*] Well, Sir, I don't love long Considerations, [*comes back,*] especially as we have no time to lose ; so if you please, Sir, to make the Property over to me, I'll
write

340881B

60 EPILOGUE.

write you a Draught at the same time upon my Banker.

[Both write.]

Auth. There, Mr. Folio.

Book. There, Sir.

Auth. I wish you all Success.

Book. Thank you, Sir. Your most obedient—[*Going, returns.*] I had forgot, Sir, you will please to correct the Press.

Auth. By all means. Let me see the Proofs.

[*Exit* Bookseller.]

To the TOWN.

*You see I've rais'd the poor Man's Expectation,
But vain his Hopes, or mine, without your Approbation.
On these tremendous Words, The public Test,
Lies the sole Proof, on which we both must rest.
Bears the Book That, in a good swinging Sale,
'Twill be some Proof of Humour in the Tale;
Proof of your Taste and Generosity;
Of your good Nature too a Proof 'twill be;
But the best Proof, 'twill shew, ev'n in this Age,
There are not wanting Patrons to the moral Page.*

F I N I S.



